

## Mortar Boards For Convocation Decides Council

### Catlin Addresses Two Meetings at Varsity Monday

Professor Speaks to Two Gatherings, in Medical Building and Athabaska

#### WELL KNOWN LECTURER

Dr. Catlin Formerly on Staff of Dept. of Pol. Economy at Cornell University

Students and faculty will hear a highly entertaining and educational lecture at the University Monday afternoon. Professor G. E. G. Catlin, until recently in the department of Political Economy at Cornell University, will speak on "The Shape of Europe to Come." The meeting commences at 4:30 p.m. in Room 158 Medical Building.

With the shape of Europe changing almost daily, and with it all the maps and globes used for instruction, Dr. Catlin's subject is one which everyone should find valuable and interesting.

Appearing in Canada and the United States under the auspices of the Institute of International Affairs and the Institute of International Education, the speaker is a well known English writer and political scientist. He is a former member of the Fabian Society of Great Britain, and has just completed an extensive lecture tour in the U.S.A.

Monday Dr. Catlin will also address a dinner meeting in Athabaska Hall, his topic on this occasion being "The Future of the Anglo-Saxon Tradition." This meeting gets under way at 7 p.m., so all those intending to attend should notify Miss Elizabeth Gerwin at the Registrar's office, or any member of the Alberta Alumni Association executive immediately.

### DECEASED LEAVES BOOKS TO VARSITY

Library of the University of Alberta is the recipient of a set of law books from the estate of the late Ricardo (Richard) Massole, graduate in Law in 1936 from this University. Mr. Massole was the victim of a double drowning accident in the sea off the coast of San Francisco on September 23 last year.

In his will the former student stipulated that all his notebooks, textbooks and those books which he won under the Carswell Prize for the highest standing in law studies. Mr. Massole won this honor two years in succession. He was also one of the first contributors to the Alberta Law Quarterly.

The books were forwarded to the University through the joint efforts of Mr. Massole's parents, who reside in San Francisco, and Mr. A. Caffaro, an uncle, who resides at Canmore, Alberta.

### FRESHMEN PLAN SLEIGHING PARTY

Lack of generosity on the part of the weather man made it necessary for the executive of the Freshman class to postpone date of the Frosh sleigh ride to Saturday night, Feb. 3. Shortage of snow, then a prolonged spell of cold weather, harassed Graham Campbell and other members of the Freshman executive in their plans for this big event of the Frosh year. However, come what may, there will be four sleighs outside of Big Tuck on the evening of Feb. 3, complete with sleigh bells, a dashing span of driving horses, and all that the country cousin needs to turn such an affair into a most enjoyable evening.

Following the ride a lunch will be served in Big Tuck, with dancing commencing immediately after the refreshments.

Executive of the Freshman class announced recently that George Shipley, who was elected last fall, has retired from the board, and has been succeeded by Ruth Rostrop. Prof. Nichols of the Physics Department was named honorary president of the class at the last meeting of the executive.

### YEAR BOOK OFFICIALS OPTIMISTIC FOR EARLY RELEASE OF ANNUAL

With work on the 1940 Evergreen and Gold farther ahead at this time than for several years, it is possible that the book will be issued before the end of the present session.

To assist in the early release of the Year Book, Ed Lewis, business manager, would appreciate all clubs intending to submit a report of their activities doing so immediately.

Pictures of members of the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior classes are ready to go to press, but are at present being delayed because of non-payment of class fees. A week's time is being allowed for deposit of these fees.

### READY TO LEAD PHILHARMONIC TO ANOTHER SUCCESS



You won't see the four principals of "Iolanthe" like this when the curtain rises in Convocation Hall tonight. But The Gateway camera-man caught four of Varsity's finest opera performers during an informal choral practice the other night. They are, left to right: Norma Madill, Pat Blackstock, Margaret Hutton, and Roger Flumerfelt. Obviously they seem to be enjoying themselves, hard at work on a Gilbert and Sullivan masterpiece.

## Philharmonic Production On Tonight in Convocation Hall; Dress Rehearsal Indicates Hit

Catchy Tunes From Operetta Capture Imagination of Students—Sell-out Expected for Four Performances Friday, Saturday and Monday

Sell-out for all four performances of the Philharmonic Society is expected. "Iolanthe" will be presented at 8:15 p.m. Friday, Saturday and Monday evening, and at 2:15 p.m. Saturday.

By Barbara Mason

Five times the Philharmonic Society has turned to the works of the famous Sir William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, and five times ticket sell-outs have proclaimed the aim of any such presentation—it's a hit! Once again the swiftness, catchy tunes of Sullivan and the witty action and dialogue of his partner Gilbert have been chosen for the current presentation, "Iolanthe."

Surely you've noticed that operetta has taken the "halls of learning" by storm. Who haven't seen a usually dignified co-ed break into a two-step, and lift, "We are dainty little fairies," and heard the bored-with-it-all he-man break suddenly into "Oh, the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la," and stop with an exclamation, "That's the Mikado instead of Iolanthe, but I've got the right idea."

Gilbert, the master writer, forsook the sentimentality of his famous dramas for the satirical in the themes of his operettas. Iolanthe is an amusing, but yet nevertheless cutting musical satire of the House of Lords. Equally celebrated in their own lines, Gilbert for his lyrics and Sullivan for his libretto, it was only Sullivan who received a knighthood from Queen Victoria for his famous work in the operettas. "Gilbert," the worthy Queen declared, "was a mocker. He had mocked the navy in Pinafore, the clergy in Patience, and the whole House of Lords in 'Iolanthe.' It was not till Edward came to the throne that Gilbert was knighted."

Catchy is the only word to describe the music of "Iolanthe," and hits of the minute will take second place to such choruses as "Into parliament he shall go" or "We are dainty little fairies."

Iolanthe is known for its difficult chorus work, which, when well done, is the best in all the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire. Of the Tit-willow variety, called a patter song incidentally, the Nightmare Song which Lord Chancellor Pat Blackstock chants is the best known of all the patter songs. Sure to be a hit is the trio, the Lord Chancellor, Duke Tolloller, and Duke Mount-ararat, especially when they harmonize "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," a plaintive lament on spurned love.

Margaret Hutton, star of so many Philharmonic successes, is Phyllis the shepherdess, about whom the complicated plot turns. In love with her are Strephon, Roger Flumerfelt, the hero who triumphs in the end, the Lord Chancellor, Pat Blackstock, Earl of Mountararat, Roy Amundsen, and Earl Tolloller. David Jones, as well as the whole House of Lords.

Marion Nancekivell as the fairy Iolanthe is Strephon's mother and the Lord Chancellor's wife. The Queen of the Fairies, Norma Madill, is the reconciling figure in the operetta, and even she finally follows the lead of the other fairies and

### STACEY WOODS TO LECTURE AT MEET

Christian Fellowships of the University, Normal School, Royal Alexandra Hospital and of the various city high schools are uniting to hold a grand rally on February 3 and 4. Mr. Stacey Woods, general secretary for Canada, is to be the guest speaker.

Rally commences at 3 p.m. in First Baptist Church on 102nd avenue, with formation of discussion groups. Immediately after this a banquet will be held, with the evening service being conducted by Mr. Woods. Two services will be held on Sunday, Feb. 4, one at 2:30 p.m. in the Normal School Auditorium and the other at 7:30 p.m. in First Baptist Church.

Spreading from Cambridge University, England, where it originated in 1877, the Interservice Fellowshipships now have organizations in 31 countries. Purpose of the fellowships is twofold: to provide groups of a spiritual nature for Christian men and women, and to encourage and assist their fellow students to personal faith.

Alberta University Fellowship meets every Wednesday from 12:30 to 1:30 p.m. in Arts 426. Bible study and discussion pass the hour quickly, and anyone interested will be warmly welcomed.

falls in love with a mortal. Private Willis, played by David Smith, Barbara Gillman, Marion Williams and Doris McWhirter, as the three fairies, Celia, Leila and Fieta, add complications.

What could be more effective against an arcadian landscape than the pastel costumes, the silver wands and wings of the fairies for an opening scene. The costumes as usual have been sent from Mallabars in Winnipeg. Striking indeed are the men of the chorus, who as peers of the House of Lords make their entrance to the strains of "Tar tan tara," a rhythmic march. With their scarlet velvet capes, their brilliant tunics and bejewelled coronets, they accentuate "the ethereal" about the fairies.

All in all, with Atha Andrew as conductor, Tommy Dalkin as dramatic director, and G. E. Kevan as musical director, Iolanthe promises to live up to true Gilbert and Sullivan standards and be a hit.

### Seniors Announce 1940 Midwinter

"For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see, Saw a vision of the world and all the wonders that would be."

This may well be said by anyone who attends the Senior Spring Formal (Midwinter to you), for President Keith Millar and his class executive have taken "The Future" as their motif, and this is very fitting for a graduating class.

A point of discussion is the official title for this dance. Some, reminiscent of the year when the Senior class chose the Senior Spring Formal as their title and carried it out in the motif complete with daisies and buttercups, are in favor of this caption, while still others uncomfortably aware that it is the middle of winter, think The Midwinter more appropriate.

Final arrangements as to the patronesses and the orchestra have not been made, but three things have been decided:

The date: Friday, February 16, at 9 o'clock.  
The place: Athabaska Hall.  
The price: \$2.00 per couple.

### STUDENTS CALLED TO AIR SERVICE

Dave French and John Cardell, students of the University, have been called to service by the R.C.A.F., and are leaving Edmonton Saturday.

French, who was in his final year in Agriculture, is travelling to Calgary, while Cardell, a Freshman in Commerce, is going to Regina.

Both men registered in the air force last October, and it was only this week that they were informed to prepare for active service.

### RCAF Visitor to Campus Presents Varsity a Plaque

Squadron Leader Edwards Makes Donation to Museum Collection Arts Building

GRADUATE OF R.M.C.

Sons of Late Professor W. Muir Edwards

A few weeks ago Squadron Leader Douglas Edwards of the R.C.A.F. spent a day in Edmonton on official business. Though he had not visited this city since he left it as a lad some twenty years ago, he is well remembered as the son of the late Professor W. Muir Edwards, in whose memory there is a bronze plaque at the entrance to Convocation Hall.

Making a tour of the University, he inspected the valuable Indian collection in the Museum on the upper floor of the Arts Building. This collection was made by his grandfather, Dr. O. C. Edwards, a pioneer physician of Southern Alberta. After consultation with Professor Allan and to mark the origin of the collection and also as a memento of his visit, Squadron Leader Edwards has presented to the University a handsome brass plaque, which will be placed on the door leading into the collection. Mr. Edwards is a graduate of the Royal Military College, and is at present stationed at the great air base at Toronto, Ontario. While in the city he lunched with Dr. and Mrs. Kerr, and called on several of his father's former colleagues.

#### NOTICE

Chemistry Club will hold its annual banquet and dance Wednesday, Jan. 31. Things get under way at the Corona at 7 p.m.

## Condemned by Four Universities, C.S.A. Defends Delegate Opinion

NOTE: This statement has been prepared for press release by C.S.A. officials in Montreal, after four Student Councils had withdrawn from the organization in protest of alleged "Anti-British" opinions expressed by the C.S.A.

The Canadian Student Assembly was formed in 1937 by Canadian students, for Canadian students. Successful action on scholarships was the main feature of its first two years' program. At its recent conference at MacDonald College, full discussion led to the following five-point program: Maintenance of educational facilities, improvement of university standards, support to democracy in Canada, education and a ballot on conscription, encouragement to understanding and co-operation between French and English peoples. Arising from commission discussions, this program was endorsed by the vast majority of the delegates. It is not an anti-British or anti-war program.

Two Mount Allison delegates attending the conference, where there were four commissions, claim that the controlling group tried to sidetrack discussion of the legitimate problems of Canadian university students. The only controlling group possible was the Steering Committee, consisting of one representative elected by each delegation, thus

## Executive to Spend \$800 for Convocation Regalia; Declare Plan Pay for Itself in Time

Opposition Indicated as Petitions Begin to Circulate Among Graduating Students, But no Figures Available on Strength of Those Opposing Move

#### UNION WILL HELP UNDERGRAD DEFICIT

Council Tables Appeal From R. C. Mackie for Financial Aid to I.S.S. and European University Students

Petitions against Council's decision to order 400 mortar boards for this year's graduating class were circulating around the halls and corridors of the University Thursday and Friday. It was understood that these lists were initiated by members of the Senior class, but nothing definite could be learned as to their popularity.

Dark clouds of war which have descended on central Europe during the past few months spread to St. Joseph's Library Wednesday evening, when Students' Council gathered for a regular session (some of them are rather irregular). Heated debate on a proposal to aid university students in Europe took up a good part of the time, and this was followed by just as hot an argument on a troublesome student problem.

Council decided to purchase mortar boards for use of the Senior class at graduation, after a lengthy and fiery discussion. This problem has been hanging fire for several years, and the final decision was a close one.

Keith Millar, President of the Senior class, put the matter before the meeting, claiming that the graduating class was in favor of the new "chapeaux." Four hundred of the square boards will be obtained at a cost of approximately \$2.00 apiece. This will involve an expenditure of \$800, but Council decided that this was worth while since they will profit from the venture in the long run. Rental charge to graduating students will be 50 cents, so that within two and one-half years the mortar boards will be paid for. Gift of \$100 by this year's graduating class to the University will also be used to defray expense of purchasing the boards. At the end of this time a profit of \$200 per year for the Students' Union will result.

An appeal from Mr. R. C. Mackie, recent visitor on the campus, for a financial donation to the I.S.S. was tabled for the time being. This fund is being organized to aid university students in Europe, and members of Council felt that they would like to do all they could in this regard. However, when taken to a vote, the proposal was too vague to warrant such a move at present.

Deficit from the Undergrad Dance will be covered by Students' Union funds. The Law Club, sponsors of this formal, went into the red \$9, and because of an unusual situation at that time, Council agreed to cover the deficit. At the last moment it was necessary to open the intercollegiate hockey series on the same night, and due to the fact that a large crowd witnessed the first visit of the Mantobans here many years, there was small attendance at the formal.

Owing to the unusually heavy hockey schedule this term, conflicting dates are likely to occur again this year, so Council set up a committee to avoid recurrence of the Undergrad circumstances. Nelson Nix, Morris Shumatcher, Andy Garrett, Grace Eggleston and Helen Stone were named on this group. It was understood that this was not to be considered a precedent for future deficits incurred by University clubs.

A new Agriculture representative will have to be named to Council, as Dave French is leaving the University this week to join the Royal Canadian Air Force.

### Engineers Next in Line With Formal

All Engineers will forsake their studies next Friday night when the high-point of the year, the Engineers' Ball, will take place in Athabaska Hall. Stan Inglis and his Men of Note will be in charge.

Last year's ball was noted for the decorations, representative of each branch of engineering. This year's will probably top it—as yet the erection of one structure is a problem, due to the impossibility of getting adequate footings.

Fourth year men are in charge of decorations, and Monday will see the beginning of great industry in the various labs.

Tickets will be available Tuesday in the Arts Building to all paid-up members of the Engineering Students' Society, and after that may be obtained from either Bev Monkman or Murray Bolton. Dress will be optional.

Despite the secrecy regarding decorations, those in the know predict that the ball will be better than in 1939, when it was admittedly the outstanding social event of the year.

## Engineers Hear Anderson's Talk Soft Beverages

Representative of Canada Dry Discusses Carbonated Drink Industry

#### LONG HISTORY

Dates From Priestley's Experiments in 1772

The first meeting of the Engineering Students' Society for the new term was held Wednesday. The guest speaker was Mr. J. G. Anderson of Canada Dry Company, and the topic, "Special Features of the Scientific Making of Carbonated Beverages."

Since early times spring waters containing mineral compounds and gases which were pleasing to the taste were sought after. Carbonated water was first made in 1772 by Priestley, generating carbon dioxide by treating chalk with sulfuric acid. A Philadelphia druggist by the name of Speakman popularized soft drinks by adding fruit juices to carbonated water. Sales were increased enormously with invention of the crown cork and the pressure bottle.

Carbonated beverages contain sugar, water, flavoring, fruit acids and salts, and carbon dioxide gas. Of these, sugar and water require closest attention. Impure sugars contain micro-organisms which cause spoilage of the product. Water from a public water supply varies in hardness, temperature, freedom from gases and presence of water borne organisms, and suspended matter is deleterious.

Carbon dioxide used is mainly a by-product of chemical processes. The carbonator has two functions: (a) to provide space for gas to collect over water under pressure, (b) some means of bringing gas and water into close contact, agitation being used to reduce the time for solution. Water at 60 deg. and 60 p.s.i. will dissolve five times its volume of gas.

Mr. Anderson admitted that the greatest difficulty in carbonation is the complete exclusion of air, which reduces the concentration of dissolved carbon dioxide and causes explosive fizzing in the bottled product.

Next meeting of the E.S.S. will be held in two weeks.

## COMMERCIALS TO HOLD YEARLY TOUR

"We all scream for ice cream" will be the theme song of the Commerce students on their annual industrial tour, Jan. 30. Sponsored by the Commerce Club, this expedition enables Alberta's future business men to observe the wheels of industry in motion.

Milling and dairying will be the subjects for this year's tour.

In the Ogilvie Flour Mills they will see the manufacturing stages of Canada's foremost agricultural product. The Edmonton City Dairy will show them what can be done with raw milk, and they in turn will exhibit what can be done with a helping of ice cream.

A special bus will meet the sight-seers in front of the Arts Building at 1:45 next Tuesday.



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## KRUG SPEAKS ON C.S.A.

Making a statement of his stand in the controversy which has arisen recently over the condemnation of the C.S.A. by students at several Canadian universities, Dean C. A. Krug, Dean of Men at Mount Allison University, has lately described the impressions he received at the conference at Christmas. Dean Krug was a "resource leader in the Commission on University Education" at the Christmas conference, and it was his resignation and subsequent criticism of the several expressions of opinion made by delegates which launched a series of bitter protests from numerous Canadian universities against the work of the C.S.A. during their grand get-together. Dean Krug presented his case in a recent letter to the Queen's University Journal.

The leading argument he presented was this, that he found that the general opinion prevalent among delegates was that "the British connection and British tradition in Canada was a thoroughly bad one; that the present war was one of imperial aggression on the part of Great Britain and that no vital Canadian interests were at stake." He added that "Great Britain was quite frankly blamed for Germany's attack on Poland and Russia's rape of Finland."

That these sentiments have been openly condemned by students of at least four Canadian universities is evidence of the unrepresentative nature of the conference, and, what is more important, that such immature condemnation of Canada's war effort will not be countenanced by a majority of the nation's students. It is indeed gratifying to be assured that there are still those who are identified with universities whose opinions have not been warped by the impact of false ideological dream castles into preaching the gospel that our "blundering" policy of democratic trial-and-error has proved itself a failure. We admit that in the face of bare facts it would seem that "blunder" has been one of the keynotes of democratic foreign policy for a long time now, and that it will continue to be so as long as Western democratic institutions of law and order continue to be the dominant political force in this world. But we shall never forget the excellent advice of the British foreign secretary in Shaw's "Geneva" when he told the dictatorial parvenus that facts are not all that matter because one never knows the facts until twenty-five years after they happen, or even one hundred and fifty years. We have not yet seen any facts which can prove to us the imperialistic nature of the British effort in this war, and if we ever do, possibly in twenty years' time, we are quite sure that British "imperialism" would be a much more comfortable situation in which to live than dictatorial "dynamism" which is nothing but ordinary imperialism plus lots of noise and the refusal to admit the setting up of a static society of progress.

Attaching the blame for the results of the aggressive policies of the Soviet and Germany on Britain is evidence of what we have maintained all along in respect of the opinions expressed by these nice young gentlemen who met in Eastern Canada to show Canada they could throw a monkey wrench into the machine if they so wanted. It is this, that they are the groundless machinations created by the not quite matured brains of certain students who

have not bothered to secure authoritative advice on the problems they have set out to solve. If that is what university training has done for them, we must admit that its true purpose has failed in so far as they are concerned.

What is more important is that they have openly declared that the British influence on Canada is a bad one. It is not the first time that we have heard this opinion expressed. But we have usually identified such a theory with the perennially discontented social parasites who are out-and-out supporters of certain so-called ideologies of violent reaction.

But we have always thought that the nation's university students who are growing up and who will live their lives under the protection of a society which is the result of a long evolutionary process of democratic progress have appreciated the influence of British tradition on their lives. Students will always be unrivalled enthusiasts of the democratic institutions which ensure them intellectual development along the lines they want, free from arbitrary control. It is our system, the offspring of Western civilization of which Great Britain is one outstanding protagonist, which has given these students the opportunity to enjoy the benefits which are refused those who have been so unfortunate as to live under a system of government, which far from being easy-going to a point of blundering, is cruelly calculating in its high-speed efficiency of uniting public opinion in support of national efforts.

## A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Mr. R. C. Mackie, World Sec'y of the S.C.M., was a campus visitor last week. A keen student of international affairs, naturally, because his duties keep him in close contact with university students throughout Europe as well as the world, he brought first-hand information about college life overseas at this time. His courtesy and his willingness to discuss current events, although he probably has to repeat the same procedure wherever he goes, left a deep impression on those who met him. But what will be remembered most about his visit was the sincerity he displayed when he told his hosts on the Alberta campus that his main concern was the consequences of the present war on universities on every continent.

With his home at Geneva, he is in touch with thousands of students in the various countries of Europe. Naturally, his correspondence with those living in Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia has decreased considerably during the past year or so, but a few bits of news which still trickle through to him from student friends in those countries furnish him ample evidence for the descriptions he gave of the disastrous effects the Nazi revolution has had on central European university systems. He told almost unbelievable stories of the hardships being undergone by young men and women in Europe who have attempted and still are endeavoring to continue higher educational training.

His revelations have brought home to Canadian educationalists the reality of their threat to the training system which thrives in our present society which has arisen with the bid of revolutionary powers for world domination. The treatment of Czech students is evidence of what would happen to universities which try to remain faithful to their true purpose in all areas made subject to dictatorial coercion.

Being more clearly identified with university life at the present time than with any other activity, it is likely all those on the Alberta campus who appreciate the grim reality of this threat will understand all the more clearly the vital importance of the Allied war effort which aims to defend the society in which we live and prosper.

If Canada's university students are going to give their war effort its maximum force, they must remember the example set by the gallantry and sacrifice of thousands of Europe's students who will not give up without a fight their right to receive the benefits of a university training which is not twisted by arbitrary means to suit the needs of a political gangster.

## EDITORIAL SQUIB

We acknowledge receipt of Dr. Sonet's letter in defence of the teaching of French in this University, which appeared in the last Gateway. We accept his criticism of the presentation of "clipped" editorials in The Gateway, but with limitations. We admit that using another man's work as our own opinions, without added comment, is a bad thing. But every so often, we must spend a whole evening pounding out essays; and it is so impossible around midnight to arouse our befogged brain to create anything extraordinarily original. We have always envied Balzac, but try as we will, we cannot keep up his pace, even with the black coffee which he consumed in such great amounts. And then, clippings are so tempting in those quiet early morning hours when we cannot help but think of our soft cosy couch where we can lie in the darkness and recite Verlaine. We trust that Dr. Sonet and his two colleagues he mentioned in his letter will accept this, our defence, in the same spirit we have accepted theirs. "Amende honorable."

## PASTE and SCISSORS

by  
TOM MASON

Here we are, back selling from the old stand again. In reply to numerous anxious inquiries, we are completely recovered from our attack of —well, whatever it was Bruce said we had. We have, however, been afflicted with severe spasms of the shivers on passing newstands. Having bought an atomizer and filled it with disinfectant, however, we feel reasonably safe in coming within twenty paces or so of "der Gag Bag." Next week, sometime, we plan to touch it.

International Jigsaw: Grim shadow of international argument hovers over Rumania. Say France and Britain, if any attempt is made to try to force British and French companies in Rumania to sell oil to Germany trouble will result. Rumania appears to be just about ready to join the belligerent-neutral league.

Appears as if neutral countries bordering on belligerents in Europe are not going to do so well with regard to bread. Canada refuses to export wheat to such people. This hits Russia right between the eyes. Mr. Stalin's country has already ordered a consignment of the staff of life—but he won't get it.

Talking about Russia—the Soviet boys must be getting mighty chilly up there in Finland. The two block walk to college in the morning, now that it's got down to about 30 below here, brings the point home to this writer.

Story of the Week: A Gateway reporter was told to get an original story on the Philharmonic. We suggested that she go backstage at the dress rehearsal and write a story from that angle. She said, "I've been backstage—jaint original." Which all goes to show—you can't put anything over on a women.

A fellow asked us the other day, "Just what is Goering?" Assuming that our questioner meant officially, hear it is. Herman Goering, president of the General Economic Council, Chief of the National Defense Council, Administrator of the four-year plan, Air Minister, Supreme Commander of the Air Force, Prime Minister of Prussia, President of the Reichstag, Reich hunting master, Reich fishing master. Guess they don't use the point system in Germany.

The Gateway office just doesn't look like home to these tired old eyes any more. Our beautiful radio has gone the way of all flesh. No

longer can we hammer out our stories, blending the clicking of our keys with the swinging rhythms of Blue Baron, Mart Kenny et al. Taking the place of our music box is a glaring sign announcing — No Loitering. A fine old Gateway tradition dies.

Down in Regina there is published by Regina College a little paper known as the College Record. Now on the staff of this paper was a managing editor—one Mr. Thomson. It appears that Mr. Thomson found himself unable to agree with the policies of the editor-in-chief. He was fired and offered the position of office janitor. The following correspondence resulted, and we quote:

"The Editor-in-Chief  
To Mr. Thomson:

My Dear Mr. Thomson,—I am very sorry to learn that you cannot see your way clear to accept the position so generously offered in my new staff. If you are too proud to be a janitor, you must have done a lot of swallowing when you first joined the College Record.

You name will go down in history. You are the only managing editor to hold a job for half a year without knowing where the office was. I hope you have the courtesy to return your press pass within a week.

I, too, am glad that this change will not affect our friendship for one another.

Yours,

ED.

Mr. Thomson to the Editor-in-Chief:

My Dear Mr. Editor-in-Chief,—Sir, this is the end. I can understand your point of view even if I did disagree with you. But your high-handed manner cannot be swallowed by anyone with any self-respect. There is no reason on earth why I couldn't have had my name in Neon lights on the editorial page. After all, I did write one article for the paper.

As I informed you in your study last evening, I cannot lower myself enough to accept the position of janitor of the paper office. Wasn't it enough to sweep me out without throwing the broom out after me?

This incident will neither detract from nor add to our regard for one another. I hope you and your heels are successful.

Very sincerely yours,  
THOMSON.

Before We Go: Flyers to snap out of their slump and start winning. This team will be in the playoffs.



You can tell a Freshette because she says stop, and a Freshman because he stops.

Don't deny your girl friend  
Cigarettes and such,  
For if you let her smoke,  
She can't talk so much.

"What are you wearing your glasses to bed for?"  
"I want to get a better look at that gal I dreamt about last night."

First Cat—Where is your son Tommy tonight?  
Second Cat—Oh, he's out taking his fencing lessons.

"Do you serve women at this bar?"  
"Nope, you got to bring your own."

Co-ed—Aren't we beneath the mistletoe?  
Law Stude—Facts admitted, but no cause for action.

The fellow who never knew there was anything to a chicken except the neck, certainly got his eyes opened when he grew up.

## The Quizzes

The quizzes are over,  
Some boys are in clover,  
And others are down in the dumps.  
Professors are busy  
With papers so dizzy,  
That someone'll sure get the bumps.

Though Pop may get sore,  
And Ma might be mad,  
There's relief in the thought that we tried.  
With resolve on our part  
Right now from the start,  
Just watch us when we hit our stride.

But high marks or low,  
As the papers will show,  
There's one thing the quizzes should tell,  
And that's to prepare  
With most business-like air,  
For the next ones, we'll study right well.

## Way Down South

The man was softly persuasive. "After all," he argued gently, "in these modern times it's important to know before one marries, certain things about—well—er—compatibility—and so on—"

The little Southern girl drew herself up and drawled softly: "Suh," she said, "daown where ah come from a gen'leman is always willin' to take a spo'ting chance."

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## Sverre Finally Leaps off the Torghatten Scaffold

By Bruce Keith

Sverre Kolterud was afraid—with that morbid, aching fear which he knew to be deep within him, which he felt as a throbbing, pulsating dynamo of terror, charging his brain with a steady flow of panic.

The fingers of one hand were trying to out-race each other on a varnished window-ledge, his skin prickled, and his whole body seemed anxious to spring into frenzied activity.

"What in hell's the matter with me?" he wondered. "I'm not a school-ghost!" He jerked himself up from his wicker seat in the tourist car as though trying to leave behind that part of himself which he despised. He paused at the little brass tap, above which uneven yellow letters spelled out "Drinking Water," and he fumbled for a paper cup.

A shrewd observer, noting the way in which his heavy leg muscles and large shoulders shaped their outline through his clothes, and admiring his heavy growth of fair hair, might not have associated Sverre with skis and ski-jumping, but he would certainly have considered him a Scandinavian.

Sverre glanced through a foggy, cinder-smoked window, from whose edges layers of frost were making a concerted encroachment. Snow—miles and miles of snow—great white blankets that undulated with the hills until they fused into the frosty greyness in the distance.

He heard the muffled screech of an engine—saw the red station at Mountainview streak by the window. He knew it was the big "4500" which had them in tow, which would soon drag them up the foothills, speed through the Rockies, and swing north into the Columbia Valley, grind to a stop at Torghatten. Torghatten—the little Norwegian settlement—the town that was famous throughout all Canada for its ski-jumping. It had been his home. It was still the home of his father and brothers—those far-renowned Kolteruds, whose name was a byword wherever scaffolds and landing-hills were built. He couldn't tell them he was afraid—those other Kolteruds who were like him in face and body and yet so different. They wouldn't understand what had really happened to him that day in the east when his harness broke—that crack-up from which he had awakened in a white room. They couldn't know what those long sickening days in a hospital had meant to him—the weary, endless weeks lying flat on his back, waiting for a painful hip to be well again. And the morbid fear of scaffolds, the dread of ever having to climb up high again—there was no language

to explain that to these budly men—he could hardly explain it to himself, although it had seized him, overpowered him.

He knew it would be on the face of Mount Triton, above Torghatten. That great timber scaffold, clinging to the slope with its multiplicity of gangling legs—a primordial, gargantuan thing, waiting hungrily till he climbed on its back, when it could bruise him, crush him, and kill him. It was suicide, it was murder—and yet he couldn't escape this meet as he had the others; he knew he must jump. For newspaper spotlights all over the country had turned on Torghatten. There had been front-page stories about the homecoming of Sverre, about the previous exploits of the Kolteruds, who were nicknamed the "Famous Five of Ski-jumping." The newspapers had done justice to great-grandfather and his scaffold in the Telemarks of Norway, and told of grandfather's victory in the first championship meet in Canada. The Daily Province's sport page statistics showed that Torghatten's longest standing-jump record had been held by a Kolterud for forty-eight years. His family, his friends, all his people expected him to enter the big competition—yes, on the next day he must jump.

Even though it was dark as he lay in bed, Sverre thought he could trace the well-pattern in the room he had used as a boy. But tracing patterns couldn't shake it off—nothing could. He had tried to join himself—he had joined in a boisterous re-union with his family, he had explored the snow-bound streets of Torghatten, he had welcomed the hearty, back-slapping meetings with old friends, but all this activity which caught his attention couldn't succeed in driving off that constant, oppressive force. The scaffold was always there on Mount Triton—a huge, leering, many-ribbed monster, which would shatter his body into the limps of a rag doll.

His fear was like a pendant, tenebrous cloud that pressed down on him, that was closing in to smother him.

The most painful pictures—harsh, cruel pictures which seared his very being, were illuminated by his memories. He could see old Pete Bjornson, veteran of a thousand meets, doing a flailing cartwheel in mid-air, after his ski had caught on an out-jutting nail. And old Pete's body lying in a heap on the brow of the hill. And then there had been little Jimmy, the ranger's boy—who had done what any terrified skier might do—sat down on the scaffold at seventy miles an hour, and broken his neck before anyone moved.

Sverre clenched his damp hands, and knew he was sweating like a roast pig. God! would he never sleep, would the deadly fear never leave him, would he ever be the same again?

"Ya gotta be just like a fly climbing up the kitchen wall!" said Sverre to the man above him, with a nervous little laugh in which there was no humor. It was mid-afternoon, and he was near the top of the scaffold, with his thick-soled ski-boots vainly striving for a secure footing on the inch-wide slats nailed across the ramp. Everything he had said that day had been nervous and without humor. If he could only have relieved that pent-up terror within him, if he could have let go—but no, he had to play a dual role, to wear the insouciance of an expert, to banter and joke with the others about skis breaking, and men falling, while inside he was screaming with fright. The morning had been interminable—hours and hours of waiting for his doom. The meals for which he had no stomach, the unwilling work of fastening on his ski-clothes and the large square-

## THE SPIANS



Above are two newcomers to the U. of A. who have made a name for themselves in the realms of dramatics. Miss Betty Cooper is playing the leading role in "Three-Cornered Moon," the Spring Play. Mr. Pat Follinsbee plays opposite her as an aspiring but indigent young novelist.

toed boots, and the half-hearted efforts at waxing and polishing his heavy three-grooved skis to make them fast—far faster than he knew he could control. And then to draw number twenty-seven! That was the last, the final blow. After twenty-six other skiers had run down, had made the snow tracks on the scaffold and landing hill glaring, and glistening and hard, then he would have to go.

Sverre was conscious of a biting, burning pain in his right shoulder—intense at first, then throbbing, and now it was paralyzing his whole arm—twenty-four pounds of skis pressing with one sharp edge into his tendons, and there wasn't enough room to shift them. He could only grit his teeth, cling to the narrow ramp, and scramble up one slat at a time as skiers above left the little platform and dropped to earth. He turned to look up the valley, and when the cold steel of his bindings swung against his cheek, he gave a sharp cry, but forced a grin in answer to a solicitous glance from number twenty-six. He tried to look at the distance, but the black rock which paralleled the horizontal bands of snow on the mountains reminded him how hard, how unmercifully hard, that landing hill could be. When he glanced down to where Torghatten lay smothered in snow, it was the higher fringe of visible wall belonging to the hospital which caught his eye. So Sverre just gazed up—at the firm greyness from which little bits of white were emerging and sinking on past where he stood.

Five more and then his turn. He took another step and noted the trim neatness of his navy blue slacks. In ten minutes how would they look—torn to shreds, or covered with snow—or blood perhaps? At regular intervals a confused sound from below announced that another skier had landed safely—had completed a jump successfully.

A last step and Sverre stood on the little platform. God, where could he look to keep from increasing his panic—a panic that was choking him, pressing out from within, making his whole body stiff and turgid. Number twenty-six caught the

## NO MAN'S LAND

by BETTY COOPER

No Man's Land this week joins the ranks of the guest column army. This column is the brain child of Miss Betty Cooper of the editorial staff of the Edmonton Journal. Miss Cooper is a graduate in arts of the University of Alberta.

Guest column! That's what we've been asked to write. A guest column! Think of the rather unpleasant connotation. There are guest artists, guest speakers, guest books, guest rooms and umpteen other "guest" words—all of which sound a bit stuffy and artificial. However, here we are, in the role of a guest columnist. Mind you, not unappreciative of the honor—after all, we didn't make these columns once during days actively engaged with English 2, P.T., and such like. But we don't like the suggestion that was made to us apropos of the request, viz., that we "do something in the nature of 25 years after." It's like a nasty reversal of the slogan "before and after."

In spite of it all, we're really awfully glad to be, figuratively speaking, in the halls of the Arts Building once more, wondering whether we dare cut Phil 2 for an hour in Tuck with our best beau. But that reminds us of actualities, and that we are really right in no man's land—a column we devour weekly when it's written by its incomparable originator. We're told that her time is completely filled these days with being a mother—we hasten to add, in connection with the spring plays.

But there, we've taken up enough space getting nowhere fast.

Probably because some pictures we took that heaven-sent last Sunday didn't turn out very well accounts for our critical attitude towards contributing to this column—we just have a jaundiced outlook on life for the moment. At the same time, last Sunday reminded us very clearly of the heavenly wars, Varsity-wards, we used to have across the river—sometimes, believe it or not, for an 8:30! They always brought to mind those lines of poetry (probably misquoted), "Moments like this will come when I am gone." But surely there is no more perfect spot to see a winter sunrise than walking the Saskatchewan (that almost sounds like a new dance step), when it's bathed in that opalescent light of early morning, with the jagged cut-banks starkly white against the brightening sky.

Strange how one thing leads on to another—speaking of the wintered Saskatchewan reminds us that this week we received a trade magazine from Ceylon! (Why, we don't know, but here it is.) Aside from the fact that the magazine is crammed with the most fascinating pictures of temple elephants, jungle shops, wide vistas of tea estates, minareted roofs and brown girls bathing, it was wonderful to have pictures of one part of the world that is not torn by the present-day strife. Between the covers there is packed in tightly a colorful, temporary escape from wars and rumors of wars. Reduced

flag's wave, hobbled to the edge, and dropped. Sverre watched him fascinated—watched him shrink smaller and smaller until he shot from the take-off with his arms spread like the wings of an eagle. He sank beneath the brow of the hill and a muffled clapping followed.

Sverre had one hand on each of the guard-rails, but his arms were taut. He was pushing back as though to hide from himself the sheer drop of the scaffold, that emptiness, that nothingness into which he would have to plunge. The wind fluttered his clothes, but not one of his muscles was moving. He stared fixedly downwards like a man who had been hypnotized, like a man carved out of ice.

On the landing hill busy rakes were smoothing the surface of the slope—pushing snow over bar spots—making an even bed of little criss-crossing snow furrows and mounds. As the hill-captain waved his rake in an O.K. signal, the started picked up his red flag, and all faces turned upwards to the lone and motionless figure thrust into the sky by the towering structure.

Then came the all-clear sign. The large square of red weaved back and forth, back and forth, and as it did so, it seemed to be sweeping the debris away from Sverre's mind. The deep pain, the oppressive cloud, the grim pictures disappeared, and he felt a calmness, an exhilaration, and a sense of power surging through his whole body. He visualized the technique his father had taught him—it was clear, and natural, and easy. He smiled in confidence as he pulled himself forward on the guard-rails, passed the balance point, and shot downwards. He crouched low. He knew he was right—knees pressed forward until they hurt, trunk humped over, and arms relaxed so that his mitts were side-by-side below his knees. Like a thousand needle-points the iciness of the air bit into his face and made his eyes fill with water. He was deafened by the screaming of hickory wood on patches of hard snow and ice, the flap-flap of his sleeves and pant-legs and the rush of cold air past his ears. He concentrated on the skimming floating points of his skis—trying by the very force of his vision to hold them to the double track. As tension on his knees lessened, he tightened his crouch,

to trite terms, probably at best it only gives rise to a wistful urge for the life of a beachcomber, but it's certainly pleasant. It makes one's spine tingle and the mind's eye sparkle. (We mention this publication because we don't know anyone who has foreign coins!)

Not so long ago, speaking of far places, we had a letter from a friend in Honolulu who said she "couldn't bear the changelessness of the season there another moment—adding if she saw 'one more smug hibiscus blossom she'd scream.'" Personally, just one hibiscus blossom sounds pretty to us. But perhaps we wouldn't enjoy our wild roses and tiger lilies half so much if we didn't know that it would be a whole long year before we saw them again. Perhaps. We wonder.

And here's an anecdote from that Hawaiian paradise. It concerns a bill from a local taxi company which reads, "2 times come, 2 times go at 50 cents a went." Quoting that was a mistake, for it reminds us of others. For instance, that of the group of Oriental children in Honolulu learning the play "Romeo and Juliet." In the role of the balcony little Ming Toy, at the balcony scene, cut the accustomed lines, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo," right to the essentials, crying, "Romeo, where you?" And then there's the announcement by the native gardener at one home, who said, "Hen pig, he have pups."

To come back to the Anglo Saxon, have you heard the one about the gentle old lady who went into a book store recently and asked for a copy of "Mein Kampf" by "somebody or other." What a heavenly state of mind!

We hear that that current laughing hit of the Swedish star is a riot. In fact, someone said the other day that they'd like to take a Communistically-inclined friend of theirs to see it. Apparently what happens to the Russian envoys in the way of changing their red spots for the dimmer hues of the purely capitalistic class is superb. (We're relieved to announce, by the by, that at last we're part way through "Gone With the Wind"—practically in condition for the movie version. And think how much fresher our memory will be.)

Why this should be recurrently travelistic is beyond us. But we seem helpless before the tide which sweeps us on. That is why we mention the recent "ad" printed by a steamship company asking for "25 down and the rest later" on an ocean trip. We wonder how full the boat would be on the return journey and just how much more populated some of the ports.

In closing (which, by the way, we are taught is a taboo phrase, journalistically speaking), we would just like to say that while we have no urge to proclaim school days as the happiest of our life, still we do admit to a slight attack of nostalgia for the U. of A. A nostalgia which has been considerably sharpened by writing in this column.

knowing that he was levelling off, and that he was travelling a possible eighty miles an hour. He doubled his concentration, watching for the place where his ski tips would fuse with the black flag at the take-off, and as they did so, he dived forward, straight out.

Sverre was strangely conscious of hundreds of faces below him, forming a great pattern with ragged edges hemming in the V-shaped white of the landing hill. He felt himself floating, soaring—blissfully and leisurely as though he had always dwelt in the upper air.

Something scraped the backs of his skis, and swinging his right leg forward, and almost kneeling on his left ski, he completed a perfect landing and a successful outrun.

As Sverre turned back and looked at the applauding crowd, he felt as though he had never in his life been hurt, and he said to himself, "I'm still one of the Kolteruds!"

Hollywood dispatch intimates that Ann Sheridan has the smallest wardrobe of any actress in the history of filmdom. Isn't this just another case of much ado about nothing.

"Olivia Fixes Flat"—headline. She had better luck than I did with the last guy that I went out with, smirks Fern of Fernie.

"Rastus, I see your mule has 'U.S.' branded on his hindquarters. Was he in the army?"

"No, boss, dat 'U.S.' don't stand for Uncle Sam. It means unsafe."

She was a quarryman's daughter—you could take everything for granite.

The driver of an English truck was sitting disconsolately by the roadside. "What's the trouble?" asked a passing farmer.

"I'm in a fix, and no mistake," was the reply. "I've got 400 gallons of gasoline to deliver and I've run out of my ration."

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## TOO BAD STUDENTS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY REALLY WANT

By Eric Conybeare

It is an unfortunate fact that many students do not seem to know what should be sought for in a university education, still less how to acquire it. More attention is paid to passing, and making the grades than to the actual business of digging into a subject and learning because one is interested. The student's attitude is to satisfy his professor rather than his own curiosity. Which is a shame, because this system tends to drag the enthusiasm of originality down to an apathetic state. The fact that one has passed a course of studies means nothing of that information cannot be utilized in the future. And yet, much of what is memorized for the examination stays with us only temporarily. Students cram the details that will give them a pass, yet disregard the broad and general principles of the study. Their action is that of an automaton, classifying and tabulating information without realizing the significance of the whole.

And who or what is to blame? The attitude of the students? The educational system? The professors? Probably all. In the first place, only a very small percentage of students are interested enough in a course to go outside the information presented by the professor, in order to learn more about something that particularly interests them. A degree, for many students, is merely a means to an end, and something to be acquired with the least possible effort. On the other hand, the system of education in our public and high schools has previously tended to give the student a conglomerate of facts without helping him to think rationally for himself.

This same system is, unfortunately, often carried into the university. In this university we have not escaped it. The students who can repeat verbatim what the professor has said, get the highest marks. We are taught that such and such a poem is good because of this, and bad because of that. On examination we must repeat that such and such a poem is of that, regardless of our own opinion because of this and bad because of that. Yet, as far as we are concerned, it's our opinions that counts. Even professors differ in their evaluation of literature. There are no hard and fast rules; it is entirely a matter of opinion. And that is what the pro-

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essor should cultivate—opinion. In the classroom, while the professor is comparing some literary or classical or historical work, Rupert Brooke's "dull bleary-eyed scribbling fools" take down every word, so that they will have it in black and white, to memorize and hand back to him on the examination. To get the most out of their education those students should be sitting back, thinking, comparing, analyzing what the professor is saying—and, of course, jotting down brief notes. But the important thing is to think it out, not merely copy the lecture. There are, as always, a few apathetic students who would rather be spoon-fed than think for themselves. But the majority of students would welcome a system that would stimulate their interest by requiring more original thought and less lumber to clutter up the brain. After all, specific information can always be had from text-books; a broad and general outlook can only be had by thinking for oneself.

This condition is by no means true in the field of literature alone; it is true in the study of psychology—and it is true even in the sciences. No one branch of learning is any more narrow in this respect than any other, unless one refers to individual universities. It is the professor who governs the policy of his course and it is the professor's opinions that either make or break a course. Many professors are broad-minded in their outlook, and welcome any opinion, even though it differs from their own. But there are a few who have narrowed themselves down to a point where any ideas contrary to their own are regarded almost as sedition. After teaching for many years it is perhaps very difficult not to form a few iron cast opinions; but the professors should keep in mind the fact that students cast their eyes and ears about from one to the other, and seeing differences of opinion in the same faculty are apt to recall to mind the words of Omar Khayyam:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and saint, and heard great  
argument  
About it and about, but evermore  
Came out by that same door that  
I went in."

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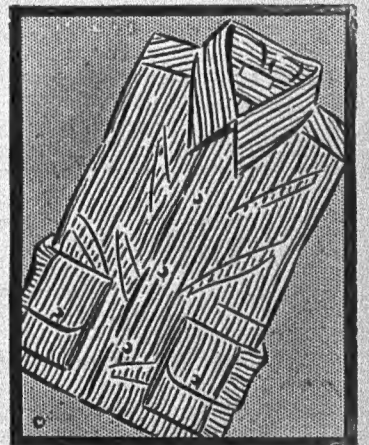
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# GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

## Basketball Team Leaves Sunday For Winnipeg

### Bears to Meet Welder Squad In Intermediate League Game At University Rink Saturday

Bears Forced Into Overtime to Defeat Medicos in Previous Meeting

#### ANDERSON CONFIDENT OF VICTORY

The Varsity Golden Bears are scheduled to meet the Medico Welders Saturday night at 9 p.m. at the Varsity rink. This is the third game between the two teams, the Bears

having won the first two 15-3 and 4-3.

In the last encounter the Bears were forced into overtime before they were able to gain a margin. It was a close checking contest, with the Welders laying a great brand of hockey. It is expected that the Bears will have to be at their best on Saturday night.

The Bears are definitely in need of a win to retain their first place in the Intermediate League. The Army and Navy Cardinals moved into second place, two points behind the Bears, by defeating the league leaders 4-2 last Saturday. On Friday night the Cards play the Garrison, and are expected to win that encounter. In so doing they will advance into a tie with the Bears, both teams having 12 points.

The Bears will have the same lineup as in the last game played, with Greg Macdonell in goal, Stark, MacKay, Costigan and Santopinto, defence. In the front line the Bears will have Stanley, Darling and Stuart. Felstead is not expected to play Saturday night as his finger is still causing him a lot of trouble. On the second line Varsity will have Chesney, McDiarmid and Crowder. This lineup can really produce some fine hockey if they are clicking, but in the last couple of games have failed to show their great power.

On Wednesday night the Garrison showed great form, and moved out of the cellar position by downing the Welders 6-4 at Varsity. With Eddie Stamlock on their front line, the Garrison played great hockey. Eddie accounted for no less than four goals and an assist. Eddie is a member of the Edmonton Flyers, and really looked good in the Intermediate.

The Welders are confident that they can set back the Bears in this encounter. Jimmy Anderson has been putting his team through their paces and reports that they are showing up well. This game is a Varsity home game, so Campus A cards will be valid.

### GREEN & GOLD

By Earl Moffat

The Bears swing back into action Saturday night against the Welders, who have only won one game to date in the schedule. In their last game the Bears were forced into overtime to gain a 4-3 decision. The Welders may just surprise the league leaders.

In last Saturday's game with the Cardinals the Bears failed to show any of the superiority that they have shown all year. They were badly outclassed in the first two periods, and then couldn't get their power play organized in the third. It is very strange that the Bears can't work their power play against the Cards. Last winter Graham and Walker continually broke it up, and are doing just that this year.

The Huskies will play the Bears two games next week-end in the intercollegiate playoffs. If the Bears don't come out of their slump, they are liable to find the Halpenny Trophy on its way to Saskatchewan. The Huskies have a powerful squad, as they proved in winning two games from the Manitoba Bisons. It must be remembered that the Huskies had only ten days to practise prior to the series with the Bisons.

The basketball team will be without the services of Anderson and Dobson when they play in Winnipeg next Tuesday and Wednesday. Anderson is out for the remainder of the season with an injured knee. Dobson is in fifth year Med and feels that he can't afford the time for the entire week. However, he has decided to meet the team in Saskatoon for the series there the end of next week. Bob Reikie will play in Dobson's place at Winnipeg.

Wally Beaumont will referee the interfac meet to be held Jan. 31st. Wally is well known in boxing circles, as he coached the team for the past seven years. It should add greatly to the contests.

Dean Neilson of the University of Saskatchewan awarded a trophy for the Assault-at-Arms. It is to be called the "Neilson Trophy."

Should be a lot of fun at the Interfac Boxing and Wrestling Tournament if the sponsors of the meet can persuade Lloyd Wilson and Doug Smith to put on a show. What the two boys will lack in experience they will have in weight. Both men are near the 200-pound mark. Wilson informed this corner at press time that he had never been in a wrestling ring in his life.

The Edmonton Flyers have been trying to get Butch McKay to play for them again. They really need him, if they expect to get any place in the league. Since Dave returned to the Bears, the Flyers have lost the greatest majority of their games. Dave has, however, refused to play for them, as he feels that his studies are the most important at this time of year.

In closing: The basketball team to break even in the games played in Winnipeg.

### INTERFAC FIGHT CARD JANUARY 31

According to President Les Wilcox, the final draws will be made this week to decide the entrants in the Interfac Boxing and Wrestling Tournament to be held on Wednesday, Jan. 31, in the upper gym of Athabasca Hall.

About nine bouts of boxing will make up this portion of the program, followed by six wrestling matches and an exhibition of fencing, which will round out the program for the evening.

Feature bout of the evening should bring together Johnny Dixon, a husky two-fisted fighter, who is Alberta's chief hope in the middleweight class, and Les Wilcox, Alberta's light-heavy. There will be no punches pulled when these two boys step into the ring.

In the welter class, Ossie Stubbs will use his long left hook to advantage when he meets Ferguson, curly-headed Med student, who packs plenty of punch in his gloves. Also in the welterweight class is hard-working Don Hamilton taking on Moe Hanson, one of the Aggies.

As yet no opponent in the 126-pound class has been able to stand up to the fists of Ted Langridge, who has had previous experience in the provincial eliminations.

Jim Walsh, clever young light-weight and Freshman Engineer, will give away light pound when he attempts to defeat Otto Hauck, a steady boxer and one of last year's winners. Also fighting at the same weight is Jim Flynn, a member of last year's intercollegiate team. Jim will have to go to the welter class

for competition, and his opponent will probably be M. Burka, a newcomer showing considerable promise.

The interfac meet this year has been planned to serve as an elimination event, and members of the intervarsity team will be chosen from the winners of their respective bouts, to represent Alberta in the intervarsity meet on Feb. 17th, on home ground.

On the wrestling mats there will be some seven or eight matches, one of the most interesting promising to be that between "Herb" Wilson (Engineer) and "Tom" Pethybridge (Law), who will be struggling most of the ten minutes to settle a two year feud in the lightweight division with strong backing on both sides.

There will be plenty of action in the light-heavy match when "Ted" Smith and "Galt" Pearson meet. "Jack" Dickout and "Scott" White, both last year's fighters come together with a bang in the welterweight division. Med and Law clash when "Lee" Brown and "Sid" Kaplan work out for their faculties. Another feud of long standing will be settled when (Strangler) "Ed" Lewis and "Deep" Daniels, both famous from last year's bouts, tangle in the middleweight division. "Earl" Christie spots "Robbie" Robson 30 pounds and jumps two divisions to prove that science in wrestling can conquer weight. "Dopey" McCormick argues in the lightweight division with "Clarence" McPhail.

There is a possibility that we will be able to present the President of Men's Athletics, Lloyd Wilson, in a deadly fight to the finish match with "Doug" Smith, both linemen on the Bears rugby teams for the past two years, and both confident of a win.

### Green and Gold Will Contest Manitoba and Saskatchewan For Possession Rigby Trophy

Jamieson Says Bears Have Strongest Team in Many Years

#### BISONS PRESENT NEW THREAT

The University of Alberta Golden Bears leave Sunday night for Winnipeg, where they will meet the University of Manitoba squad in a two-game series to be played on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday they will travel to Saskatoon to meet the powerful Huskies in a two-game series. The team will have to play four games in five days, which is a big assignment for any team.

The Bears have six of last year's stars, and have added three talented players to their squad. Dave Brown played interfac last year, and has shown great power with the Bears. Earl Dixon played with the Lethbridge Collegiates last year, and is playing top-notch basketball for the Albertans. Another addition is Jack Neilson, who is well known in rugby circles, as he is captain of the rugby team, played interfac last year, and is playing guard for the Bears this year.

Manitoba is reported to have one of the strongest teams that they have ever had this year. They played the Huskies in Winnipeg and beat them 30-20 in their first encounter, but were nosed out 20-19 in the second game. The Huskies have a few men added to their last year's team, and are expected to be mighty hard to beat on their own floor.

Coach Jamieson of the Bears is confident that his team will at least break even on the games away from home, and believes that the Bears will surprise the teams when they are hosts to the U. of A. campus. Anderson, a star on the Bears, was injured in the first game of the season, and will be unable to accompany the team on the trip. He will be greatly missed by his teammates, as he is a real threat around the basket. Bob Reikie will travel with the team to Winnipeg and compete in the games there, but will return home before the series with the Huskies. Bob finds studies are a bit pressing, and doesn't feel that he can be away for the entire week.

On the other hand, Albert Dobson will only play in the Saskatchewan games. Alberta is in fifth year Med, and can't see his way clear to leave studies that long. The remainder of the games in the intercollegiate basketball series will be held at Alberta, Feb. 9th and 10th, with the Huskies scheduled to meet the Bears, and Feb. 23rd and 24th with the Manitobans. The Rigby trophy, emblematic of basketball supremacy, will be awarded to the team that wins the most games in the eight played, or if there is a tie the team that has scored the greatest numbers of points will be awarded the cup.

The following are the thumbnails of the Bears' team: Stan Cameron—Captain of the team, and is playing his third year with the Bears. Six feet in height and weighing 175 pounds, Stan is a real threat around the basket. Engineer. Plays centre.

Albert Dobson—Centre, 5 feet 11 ins., 155 pounds; fourth year with the team. Very fast and tricky. He will not be in action at Winnipeg, but will meet the team at Saskatoon. Fifth year Medicine.

Bob Reikie—Centre, 6 feet 1 in., 165 pounds, second year with the squad. Has one of the nicest over-handed shots in the business. Medicine.

Dave McElroy—Forward, 5 feet 10 ins., 140 pounds, second year. Very tricky passer. Commerce.

Tom Pain—Forward, 6 feet, 135 pounds, second year with the Bears.

Spencer of the Garrison added to his total on Wednesday when the Army beat the Welders 6-4. He played on the first line with Shamlock, and the two were responsible for the win.

The bad man of the league is Wismer of the Cards with 18 minutes in the cooler. C. Sherman and MacKay are close behind him with 16 and 15 respectively.

Clive Felstead, who has been out of action for the past two weeks, is still well up in the scoring with ten points. He is expected to return to the Bears' lineup on Monday, when the Bears are scheduled to meet the Army and Navy Cards.

League Standing

	G.	A.	Pts.	Pen.
Stanley (B)	7	16	23	0
MacKay (B)	12	5	17	15
Spencer (G)	6	5	11	0
Chesney (B)	5	6	11	0
Horne (C)	4	7	11	4
Munro (MW)	6	4	10	2
Yaneu (C)	6	4	10	2
Costigan (B)	5	5	10	6
Felstead (B)	5	5	10	4
Soley (MW)	6	3	9	4
Graham (C)	1	8	9	2
Stuart (B)	4	4	8	2
Barker (MW)	4	4	8	4
Willis (G)	4	3	7	0
Walker (C)	2	5	7	2

Note: B, Varsity Bears; G, Garrison; C, Army and Navy; MW, Medico Welders.

#### NOTICE

The Bears will meet the Y Amis on Saturday night at Athabasca gym at 7 p.m. This is the second encounter of the two teams this year. In the first game the Bears were victorious by a score of 31-27, having spotted the visitors 15 points. Frank and Hal Richards, who starred for the college four years ago, will be seen in action on Saturday when the two teams meet. Hal is coaching the Amis squad, and is expected to give the Bears a real game.

Very accurate on long shots. Taking Commerce.

Dave Brown—Forward, 5 feet 11 ins., 145 pounds, first year with the team and working in well with the rest of the boys. Played interfac last year. Third year Engineer.

Brick Younie—Guard, 5 feet 10 ins., 155 pounds, second year. Brick is the fastest man on the team, and will need a lot of watching in any league. Commerce.

Earl Dixon—Guard, 6 feet 2 ins., 175 pounds, Freshman with the team. Played with the Lethbridge Collegiate last year, and is star on rebounds. Commerce.

Jack Neilson—Guard, 5 feet 10 ins., 180 pounds, first year with the Bears. Starred in interfac last year. He is the heaviest man on the squad, and is continually breaking up the opposition's attempts. Fourth year Dent.

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CAPITOL THEATRE, Sat., Jan. 27, to Tuesday, Jan. 30—"Another Thin Man" with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

RIALTO THEATRE, one week starting Sat., Jan. 27—Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd, in "Charley McCarthy, Detective," with Robert Cummings, Constance Moore.

PRINCESS THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Jan. 29, 30, 31—Chester Morris in "Five Came Back," and Lee Tracy in "Fixer Dugan."

STRAND THEATRE, Sat., Mon., Tues., Jan. 27, 29, 30—Preston Foster in "Geronimo."

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